

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
a Thursday was foure yeere in th' afternoone.

Shy. What are their masks? heare you me *Iessica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Rife,
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnish't faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me first,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before first:
Mistress looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Ief. His words were farewell mistress, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-flow in profit, but he sleepest by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hieue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,

A prouerbe neuer stale in thrifte minde. *Exit.*
Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
Desired vs to make a stand.

Sal. His house is almost past.
Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his house,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgeons flye
To feale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfeited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vtread againe
His tedious measures with the vnbadet fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you shall please to play the theetues for wines
He watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwells my father Iew. Hea, who's within?

Iessica alone.

Ief. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Ief. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witnesses that thou
art.

Ief. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ief. What, must I hold a Candle to my flames?

They in themselves goodfooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet.

Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Ief. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Bestrew me but I loue her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Antonio*?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night. *Exit.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choys.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desires.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe chooseth the right?

Por. The

How shall I know if I doe chooseth the right.
Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you chooseth that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:

What saies this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.

Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drossie,

He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves; pause there *Morrocho*,

And weigh thy value with an euen hand,

If thou best rated by thy estimation

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:

And yet to be afeard of my deserting,

Were but a weakie disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve, why that's the Ladie.

I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then these, in loue I doe deserve.

What if I staid no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying graud in gold.

Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:

Why that's the Ladie, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vaste wildes

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre

To stop the forraigne spirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heauenly picture.

Is't like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation

To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse

To rib her searcloth in the obscure graue:

Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd

Being ten times vnderuallued to tripe gold;

O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem

Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:

Here doe I chooseth, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there

Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,

Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;

Heereadeth the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,

Often haue you heard that said;

Many a man his life hath sold

But on his side to behold:

Guided timber doe wormes infold:

Had you beene as wise as bold,

Long in limbe, in iudgement old,

Your answer had not bene in scold,

For you were, your suite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost.

Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:

Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart

To take a tedious leaue: thus looiers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:

Let all of his complexion chooseth me so. *Exit.*

Enter Salario and Solanio.

Elo, Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder saile,

With him is *Gratiano* gone along;

And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine Iew with outcries raide the Duke.

Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnder saile;

But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand

That in a Gondilo were iene together

Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.

Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke

They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dogge Iew did viter in the streets;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,

Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!

Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,

And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,

She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,

Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day

Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miseriaed

A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:

I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me,

And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. Ye were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare.

Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,

I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,

Bassanio told him he would make some speede

Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,

Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time,

And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of loue:

Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such faire offents of loue

As shall conueniently become you there;

And euen there his eye being big with teares,

Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,

And with affection wondrous fencible

He wring *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,

I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out

And quicken his embraced heauinesse

With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exit.*

Enter Nerissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

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